Mrs. Mary Ferrell
4406 Holland Ave.,
Dallas, TX 75219

11/4/95

Dear Mary,

If this reaches you before Paul Weller leaves, will you please tell him that I responded to his letter from Minnesota to his Florida home? (Apologies for the machine that, like me, cannot be fixed.)

We've never met but I've formed the opinion that Paul is a very fine person. And he has been helpful to me in my immobility.

I was not aware of the COPA awards because their letter was in form like a form letter with their program and I skipped it to skim the program and return to work. I learned when at the end of his and Barb Junkkarene's visit Doug Retallos told me and asked for a few ad lib words. When I looked at the letter I saw that there would be four, none named. I told Lil that I hoped the other three would be you, Buck and her. I'm glad you were included.

It is amazing that we four are still here and that three of us can still do a bit. Lil and I now have accumulated 165 years. We've more or less graduated from his-and-her canes to prescribed walkers. Lil uses hers when she goes to the mailbox. I have opted trying to strengthen the joints that can make me fall, knee and thigh, physical therapy three times a week. I get no other exercise but walking and just about all is prohibited.

What I have been able to get on paper has accumulated into a rather large volume. It will be only a record for our history. It is being retyped on computers and I'll continue distributing copies via diskettes. Not wholesale and to authentic scholars.

I'm glad to hear from Paul that Buck still has a good apetite. That is a good sign. Lil is only slowly recovering hers lost in an attack of diverticulitis. Reminds me!

The three mornings I do not leave early for walking, where I have blood tests, until the lab opens and go from there to physical therapy I leave for a nearby supermarket. I do most of our shopping then, walk better with a grocery cart than with a cane, get at least a half-hour of walking in away from the weather, and before I leave I go to their bakery and bring Lil a treat I give her after breakfast, to get a little more in her. Forgot to give it to her this morning, until now.

Not important if writing is a problem but I'm curious to know why the FBI let Cookstool go and if true, what he is suing it over. He was in touch with me, very flatteringly by phone and letter, without telling me where he worked. When he sent me a picture Fred Newcomb took of me in his back yard the day I got a dupe of that Oswald rifle, I looked at his address, to which I'd never paid any attention. I've not heard from him since. I won't be surprized if it is the time and help he gave Livingstone. Best to

you all, Harold